THE HEROICK HISTORY OF GUY *Earl of* Warwick.

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THE

Heroick Hiſtory

OF

Guy Earl of *Warwick*.

OF Noble *Guy*, I here will ſpeak,
A Champion bold and ſtout,
Who evermore would help the weak,
And beat the ſtrongeſt out.
Diſtreſſed Ladies help would he,
And Captives bound in Chains,
And wronged Knights from Tyrants free,
True Love was all his gains.
And all was for fair *Phelice* ſake,
He ventured life and limb;
Who made the ſtouteſt Champion quake
That durſt encounter him.
The Earl of *Warwick*'s Daughter height,
Was *Phelice* tall and trim;
The Flower of *England* for delight,
Too high of Birth for him.

For he was but, as I may ſay,
His Fathers Stewards ſon:
Yet *Venus* Laws he muſt obey,
When *Guy* had honour won.
Why then, quoth ſhe, go forth brave Youth,
And make thy ſelf more known:
And when my Father hears the truth
Take *Phelice* for thine own.
Win honour by thy Martial hand,
And by a warlike life;
When this I come to underſtand,
Take *Phelice* for thy wife.
Phelice I ask no more, ſaid he,
Call *Guy* a Coward-Swain,
If he refuſe to fight for thee
Thy love for to obtain.
O wo to him that counts it good,
That doth procure his care:
Who wins a Wife with loſs of blood,
Doth buy his bargain deer.
Yet whilſt he hath a drop to bleed,
Guy will not idle lye;
Performing many a worthy deed,
And acts of Chivalry.
In *France* he prov'd himſelf a man,
Unhors'd them one by one;
He there caſt down both horſe and man,
And fame and honour won.
He then to *England* comes amain,
To ſee his hearts delight:
But *Phelice* ſends him forth again,
Since he ſo well could fight:
To fight for her he would not grutch,
Whom he eſteemed dear;
Becauſe he loved her ſo much,
No danger did he fear.

No danger may he fear that ſtrives
To win a Ladies Love;
And howſoe're the buſineſs thrives
Obedient he muſt prove.

He takes his leave once more, and goes,
Her pleaſure to fulfill:
He longs to be a dealing blows
To win more honour ſtill:
And through a Foreſt as he rides,
He meets a mighty Gyant,

Two yards at every ſtep he ſtrides,
Far ſtronger than a Lion:
Friend, quoth the Gyant, haſt thou heard
Of one, they call him *Guy*,
Who all the power of *France* hath fear'd
With acts of Chivalry?
And what of him, Sir *Guy* then ſaid?
Perhaps I am the man:
Of Gyants he was ne'er afraid,
Do all the beſt they can.
Oh! quoth the Gyant, art thou he
With whom I long to fight?
Thy honour doth belong to me,
I claim it as my right.
Then pull'd a Tree up by the roots,
And heav'd it up on high:
In Iron Coat, and Brazen Boots,
He marched towards *Guy*.
Quoth *Guy*, thou art a ſimple Clown,
I'le quickly make thee mine:
I'le pull thy lofty courage down,
My honour ſtill ſhall ſhine.
With that he hit him a ſtrong blow,
From a well-guided hand,
And cut off mighty *Rumbo*'s toe,
That he could hardly ſtand.
Then *Rumbo* heav'd his Tree on high,
Thinking his bones to break,
And ſtruck at *Guy* moſt furiouſly,
Which made the ground to ſhake.
Before he heav'd his Tree again,
Guy hit him on the head,
Thinking the Gyant had been ſlain,
He falling down for dead.
Hold, hold, (quoth he) I'le be thy ſlave,
So thou wilt ſave my life:

Quoth

Quoth *Guy*, ſuch mercy thou ſhalt have,
To end this dreadful ſtrife.
He made him ſwear he would be true,
And ſerve him as his Boy,
His Enemies for to ſubdue,
And all his Foes deſtroy.
He ſwore he would, and then did riſe,
To lend Sir *Guy* his aid;
Whoſe ugly looks, and ſaucer eyes
Might make a man afraid.
They walked over Mountains high,
Through Valleys wide and long,
The Gyant *Rumbo*, with Sir *Guy*,
And none could do them wrong.
At length they heard a mighty cry,
Which ſcar'd the Gyant ſo:
What cry is that, (quoth he) Sir *Guy*?
No farther will I go.
Rumbo (quoth *Guy*) tuſh, do not faint,
I'le go what ere betide;
No fortune ſurely can he want
That hath courage on his ſide.
Cloſe underneath a hill he found
A Lion with a Dragon met;
But *Rumbo* fell down in a ſwound,
And in a cold moiſt ſweat.
Brave ſport, (quoth *Guy*) fight on, quoth he,
And when you make an end,
Unto the weakeſt I will be
A true and truſty friend.
At length the Lion turn'd aſide,
As if he would be gone:
Nay then (quoth *Guy*) have at your hide,
Dragon, I'le lay it on.
With that he draws his maſſie blade,
Unto the Dragon goes,

Like one that was no whit afraid,
But deals him manly blows,
Valiant *Guy* beſtirs his hands,
The Dragon back did ſhrink,
The Gyant *Rumbo* quaking ſtands,
And knew not what to think.
Guy gets the Victory at laſt,
Which made great *Rumbo* glad;
He was full glad the fight was paſt,
For he before was ſad.
The dreadful Lyon *Guy* did greet,
When he to him did go,
And thankfully did lick his feet,

Becauſe

Becauſe he kill'd his foe.
He follow'd him by his Horſe ſide,
It was his chief deſire;
Till he no longer could abide,
Hunger forc'd him to retire.
Rumbo (quoth *Guy*) I ſee thou art
A Coward at the laſt,
Thou haſt great ſtrength, but little heart,
I know by what is paſt.
Maſter (quoth *Rumbo*) ſhall I ſpeak,
And yet I now am loth:
Compar'd to me you are but weak,
Yet heart enough for both.
But you ſhall ſee my valour ſhown
Before that it be long;
I will not ſee you overthrown,
Or ſuffer any wrong.

Why then, quoth *Guy*, *Rumbo*, I'le quickly try what mettle thou art made of; thou waſt afraid of the Dragon, but art thou afraid of a man? No, quoth *Rumbo*, you know I was not afraid of you, who was too hard for all the Champions in *France*; I purpoſed to win honor, thought to try my manhood with you, though I had the worſt, and ſhould think my life well ſpent in the ſervice of ſuch a noble Champion. *Rumbo* (quoth *Guy*) I hear the Emperor of *Almain* hath beſieged the Duke of *Lovain*, thither I purpoſe to go to lend the Duke my aid; for I am reſolved to help the weak againſt the mighty: yet in no unjuſt quarrel ſhal my ſword be drawn: no ſooner were they arrived at *Lovain*, but the Duke underſtandeth thereof, and entertained *Guy* with great joy & gladneſs. Now, quoth the Duke, my friend, my heart is right glad, that ſo honourable a man is come to take our parts. Brave *Engliſh man*, quoth the Duke, adviſe me what to do in this caſe, the city being beſieg'd by a pow-

ful enemy, and ſmall reſiſtance to be made againſt them. My Lord, quoth *Guy*, there's freedom enough, to be won by a courſe which my ſelf means to take and to encourage your men the better, my Man *Rumbo* and I will iſſue out upon them, ſo after the breach is made, your Army may the better fall upon them, and put them to the rout: No danger may they fear, who valiant minds do bear. Then ſuddenly they opened the Gates, where *Guy* and *Rumbo* behav'd themſelves ſo valiantly, that they broke their Enemies Ranks, beat the *Almains* from the walls, and made ſuch a terrible ſlaughter among them, that with the help of the Dukes Army, they quite vanquiſht the *Almains*, and put them quite to the rout. *Rumbo* beat a whole lane of men before him, but following them too far, was unfortunately ſlain. *Guy* bewailed the death of his truſty ſervant *Rumbo*, and ſaid, he would be revenged of the *Almains* for his death. Shortly after, the Emperour ſent another Army greater than the firſt, but they were overthrown as the former were; and the Duke, with *Guy*, returned victoriouſly into the City, where after many thanks given to *Guy*, *Guy* anſwered the Duke in this manner; My Lord it joys me not half ſo much that we have got the victory of our enemies, as it would glad my heart to make a Peace between the Emperor and you. The Duke was willing, and ſent a Guard of Soldiers with him, till he came to the Emperors Court, where he ſpoke to the Emperor in this ſort, High Emperor, all health unto thy Grace, and Peace to thee, if thou ſaiſt peace to us; and love to thee, if love thou wilt embrace: Why ſhould the Chriſtians warr againſt each other, but rather againſt miſ-believing Jews, Turks and Pagans? we ſue not after thee in a ſervile way, as fearing thy power and might: for victory hath crowned our heads with honour; but that

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we might agree together to pull the Pagans down. Brave Engliſh-man, quoth the Emperour, hadſt thou ſpoke ſooner, it had not only been granted, but had ſaved many hundred mens lives: Why then, quoth *Guy*, let's to Duke *Segwin* go, and renews the League betwixt you. With all my heart quoth the Emperor. So away they go to the Duke, and renew their League, and ſends *Guy* with a thouſand choſen men againſt the Jews, Turks, Pagans, and Sarazens, altogether by the ears. Brave ſport, quoth *Guy*, ſo lays about him on every ſide, favouring none; inſomuch that they ſaid one to the other, What mad fellow is this, that hews us down on every ſide? ſure had he a thouſand lives, he could not eſcape. At length a mighty Pagan ſteps to *Guy*, and deſired a Combat at his hands, to ſee which of their ſwords could cut the beſt. Methinks, quoth *Colbron*, thou haſt a ſword that is like to a reed, I am perſwaded it will not cut. Not cut, quoth *Guy*! Pagan, I like thy humour well. I'le whet it on thy bones before we part; ſuch Lubbards it hath often hewn aſunder; then did they lend each other ſuch luſty knocks, that ſparks of fire flew from their helmets: the gazing people knew not what to think, but expected the end of *Guy*, for *Colbron* was wondrous ſtrong, and one of the chiefeſt Champions that the Turks had. But *Guy* at laſt gave him ſuch a ſpeedy blow, that down came *Colbron* and his ſtrength withall. Pagan, quoth *Guy*, is my ſword ſharp, or no? with that he cut off his head, and ſent it to the Emperor preſently. *Guy* to another goes, called *Marmadore*, and after a hot diſpute, overcomes him, and lays him dead upon the ground. The Pagans ſeeing their Champions go down ſo faſt, forſook the field, and went to the Town, where a moſt bloody Tyrant bore the ſway, who hearing what was done, went armed to the Tent where *Guy* was, and challenged him to come

forth, telling him that he had promiſed his head to a Lady, and was come to fetch it. And haſt thou ſo, quoth *Guy*? an honeſt man wil be his words maſter: come then and take it off quickly, or elſe the Lady wil ſuppoſe you ſcoff. But *Guy* did ſo belabour him, that inſtead of taking off his head, he ſet ſpurs to horſe, & fled to ſave his own; then not a man durſt ſtir. But *Guy* hearing they had a General in Town, they call'd him mighty *Souldan*, goes and challenges him, and dares him to his face. The *Souldan* with a ſtaring look repli'd, thou Chriſtian ſlave who like a dog I ſcorn, I'le chaſtiſe thee with ſteel; with that at each other they ran, their Launces broke, & each forſook his horſe; they betook them to their ſwords: *Guy* ſtruck ſuch forcible blows, that he cut through the *Souldans* Armour, and by loſs of blood the *Souldan* fell to ground, caſting handfuls of his blood at *Guy*: then not a man durſt ſtir. So *Guy* ſet ſpurs to his horſe, & departed with victory and great honor. *Guy* now intended to go ſee his loving friend the Duke of *Lovain*; but ere he came to his journys end, he freed a woful Lady from diſtreſs; thus it befel; Earl *Terry* a valiant man, with his Lady, walking through a Foreſt to take the air, was ſurpriſed on a ſudden by ſixteen villains, who were hired to take his Lady away from him, and make her anothers wife, leaving the Earl ſore wounded: *Guy* comforts the Earl, and underſtanding where theſe villains were, by the cry of the Lady, comes to them in this manner, curſed ſlaves (quoth he) what do you mean to do with this Lady? her husband you have wounded, & taken her by force from him: this act of yours I'le make you now repent, you ſhall pay deer for what you have done: with that they laughed him to ſcorn, ſaying, what fool is this, or rather mad man, who thinks to get himſelf a name by a deſperate attempt? like ſo, quoth he, the fit that's on me now is a raging one: ſo draws his ſword, and bids the Lady hold her peace, for he would quickly releaſe her from

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the hands of theſe Villains? ſo with admirable courage he lays upon them, at every blow one or other dies: ſome he ſlew, and the reſt fled, being not able to withſtand him at that time; ſo he conducts her to the Earl her husband with much joy & gladneſs on both ſides. Now *Guy*, with the Earl & his beloved Lady, wandring through the deſert without a guide, hearing the noiſe of wild beaſts, did not a little trouble them. At length two armed men they ſpi'd with their ſwords drawn, who ſtood on their guard, leſt the wild beaſts ſhould devour them on a ſudden: *Guy* demanded of them what they vvere:

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they replied, they came to bring Earl *Terry* bad news: the Earl demanded what it was? They replied, his Royal Father was beſieged in his ſtrong Caſtle by Duke *Ottons* power, who hath vowed to pull the Caſtle down about his ears. The Earl on a ſudden was much diſcontented. *Guy* cheers him up, and tells him that he will aſſiſt him. My very name, quoth *Guy*, will make him flie; he felt my ſword in *France*, but lik'd it not; I will go with thee, thy wronged father to defend; for I have vowd the wrongd for to right. Noble friend, quoth *Terry*, my joys abound and have overcome my grief, to think my aged father hath ſo brave a man to take his part. The Enemies no ſooner heard of *Guys* approach, but all their Commanders took their heels and ran away, leaving the Duke their Maſter to order his men himſelf. The Duke ſeeing himſelf in ſo bad a condition, in a deſperate humor calls for *Guy*, vowing to be revenged of him, or loſe his life and honour in the field. Where is, quoth he, this Engliſh-man that haunts my Ghoſt? I challenge him to meet me in the field, equal envy ſhall quickly end the quarrel that is betwixt us. Agreed, quoth *Guy* proud foe, repent thy wrong, and make thy conſcience clear, thou ſhalt quickly ſee an end of thy honour, which worthy men do hold moſt dear; thou haſt now liv'd to ſee an end of thy good name. Together then they ruſh'd moſt furiouſly, like two incenſed Lions, breaking their Launces as they were reeds, & betaking them to their ſwords they fought both with admirable courage, till at length through loſs of blood the Duke fell, who lamented his ill fortune, and died very penitently, confeſſing that ambition was the cauſe of his overthrow. When *Guy* heard this, he ſheathed his ſword, and ſaid, remain thou there, for I mean to bleed no more for *Phelice* at this time, I have been too long away from her, & wil fight no more till I ſee her. But paſſing through a foreſt, he met with the hugeſt Boar that ever eye beheld, the beaſt came at him

him moſt furiouſly, which he perceiving, ſtands upon his guard,& lay ſo hard upon his Swiniſh head,that he left him dead in the place. And ſo takes his journey for *England*, where being arrived,he was entertained with great joy and triumph by King *Athelſtone*,who had heard of all his noble atchievements done in other Countrys, to the honour of *England* and *Engliſh men:* Renowned *Engliſh-man*, ſaid King *Athelſtone*, who art the pride of our Nation, I have heard all thy noble actions done in other countries,to the wonder of the whole Chriſtian world. Thou haſt laid a heavy hand upon the necks of Pagans, Infidels and Jews, hewing monſters in twain, who ſpoiled and devoured many Chriſtians: But honorable man, I think thou never didſt deſtroy the like Monſter that is now in *England*, a dreadful Dragon in *Northumberland*,who devours man, woman & child; many worthy Knights have gone to encounter with him, yet never any came home alive again I ſpeak not this to animate thee on to venture thy life to encounter with him,whoſe life I priſe as dear as mine own;but that thou maiſt underſtand how our Country is annoy'd by him. My Liege, quoth *Guy*, let me have a Conduct, that I may underſtand where to find him, & I promiſe as I am an *Engliſh* Knight, and true to my King and Countrey, I will bring this Monſters head to your Majeſty. The King gave order that a dozen Knights ſhould conduct him to the place where the Dragon was,which was done accordingly. The King and the Court took their leave of *Guy* in ſolemn wiſe,never expecting to ſee him again. When they were come near to the place where the Dragon was, *Guy* ſays thus unto them, Gentlemen, go no farther for fear of danger, but ſit on your Horſes, & behold the ſport. So coming towards the Cave, where the Dragon was, *Guy* prepared for the encounter,& beholding the dreadful Dragon coming towards him with ireful countenance,with eyes like burning fire, and lofty ſpeckled breaſt; His Launce in his Reſt, and

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ſpurs his Horſe, running againſt the Dragon with ſuch violence, that he overthrew him. The Dragon bit his Launce in twain as if it had been a Reed. Nay then, quoth *Guy*, if you fall to ſuch bites, I have a tool to pick your teeth withal, then draws his truſty blade, and lays upon the Dragon in ſuch manful wiſe that he made wide & deep wounds in his body, which cauſeth him to roar ſo exceedingly, that he feared the Knights which ſat on their Horſes to behold the fray. The Dragon perceiving *Guy* too hard for him, endeavoured to flye away from him; but *Guy* brought him down again with a vengeance, cut off his head, and brought it to the King upon a piece of the Spear that the Dragon bit in twain. The King admired at this monſters head; God ſhield, quoth he, and ſave us from all evil, here is a face would out-face the devil. Victorious Knight, ſaid the King, we admire thy valour, thy courage, and brave adventure; one thing I muſt needs crave, and that is this, that you will go no more beyond the Seas, but ſtay here with me. My Soveraign, quoth *Guy*, what I have done, was for love of a woman, whom I have not ſeen theſe many years; may your Majeſty be pleaſed to give me but ſo much leave, I ſhall be your ſervant. Thrice honored Knight, I know it, the Earl of *Warwick*'s daughter; go honoured man, unto her, ſhe hath heard of all thy valiant actions, thou art a ſecond *Hector*, or more than he, for *Hector* never did ſo much as thee.

Phelice hearing *Guy* was at *Lincoln*, went to him, and being over-joyed that ſhe had found him, clipt him in her arms, and ſaid, Why, how now, Love, have you forgot to love? what, ſeek a dragon ere you come to me? *Phelice*, ſaid *Guy*, the King himſelf complained of a moſt dreadful Dragon in *Northumberland*, that annoyed all the Countrey, killing men, women, and children, and he which wil not obey his Soveraigns command, eſpecially in a thing of ſo high concernment, is both a coward and

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an ill-affected member to the Common-wealth, *Phelice* I am thine, I bought thee with this price of blood. Dear Love, said *Phelice*, thou shalt never bleed more for me. So both agreed, they went to their royal fathers house, Earl *Roband*, who entertain'd him most nobly, and after a few days they were married together with great joy, banquetting, and hearts-delight. The noble Earl *Roband* in the space of three weeks died, and left the Earldom to his son *Guy*, who was after made Earl of *Warwick*, he enjoyed his Earldom but a small time. And now growing in years bethinks himself, and oft would say, How many men have I made lifeless for the love of a woman, and spent my time in war and blood, and not one tear shed for my sins? for Beauty have I run through the world in a Sea of blood; good God forgive me for it. Vain world, farwell, I go to mortifie a sinful man; and now I mean to take my journey, like a Pilgrim, to the holy Land, to see the place where my Saviour died for my sins, and thē sins of the whole world. *Phelice* finding him discontented, begins to question him how he came into those melancholy fits; if I (quoth she) be the cause of it, I am not only sorry, but will endeavour to mend what is in me amiss. No, dear Love (quoth *Guy*) nothing but my sins, my numberless sins, that is the cause of all my grief and sorrow. Ah *Phelice*, said he, for thy love I have made many a man bleed, & now, dear Love, do intend to take my journey to the Holy Land, and live and dye a Pilgrim: Here, take this Ring, and keep it as a pledg of my love to thee, and give me thine; and if ever I come again to *England*, I will send thee this Ring, that thou maist come and close up my dying eyes: *Phelice*, farwell, weep not, I now must go, thy heart is full of love, mine full of wo. So with abundance of tears betwixt them, he takes his journey, only with a staff in his hand, to the holy Land; and she as a

penſive widow, remains at home, giving alms at her door to all Pilgrims for his ſake, enquiring of them evermore, if they could tell her any news of him; but he not making himſelf known to any of them in all his travels, they could relate nothing of him to her. Many times when he returned from the holy Land, he hath received alms from her own hands, and ſhe not knowing of him, he hath departed with tears in his eys to his Cave, where he lived and died, as you ſhall underſtand hereafter.

Now

Now *Guy* takes his journey towards the holy Land, paſſing through deſarts and unfrequented places, full of danger; meeteth at laſt with a woful Wight, that unto ſorrow was no ſtranger: An aged man having fifteen ſons in bondage under the cruel Tyrant, or a barbarous Giant, called *Amarant*, who retained them in his ſtrong Caſtle, with many Knights, Gentlemen, and Ladies, beſides. *Guy* queſtioning where, the old man directs him to the Caſtle. Lend me thy ſword, quoth *Guy*, I'le lend my manhood all thy ſons to free. So away he goes, and lays upon the gates, as one that ſays, He muſt and will come in. The Gyant was never ſo rouzed before, for no ſuch knocking at his gates had been: ſo takes his Club and keys and cometh forth; Sirrah, quoth the Gyant, what buſineſs haſt thou here? art thou come to feaſt the Crows about theſe walls; becauſe thou haſt moleſted me in this manner, with this Club will I beat out thy brains and dreſs thy fleſh for the Crows to feed upon. You are very quarrelſome, Gyant, quoth *Guy*, and dangerous at the club it ſeems you be: I have bin better arm'd, though now I go thin; but do thy worſt, here's a Weapon that muſt do me right. So draws his ſword, ſalutes him with the ſame about his ſhoulders, head, and ſides, in ſuch manner, that the Gyant did not like the ſport; but heaving his Club aloft in the air, ſaid, now villain wil I cruſh thee. But *Guy* was nimble to avoid the ſame. ſo on the ground he ſpent his ſtroke in vain. At length *Amarant* the Gyant grew thirſty and faint for want of drink, and asked leave of *Guy* to quench his thirſt at the River. *Guy* gives him leave; then to work they fall again. At length *Guy* grew thirſty, and craved leave to drink; but the churliſh Gyant ſaid, it was a mad-mans part to relieve his enemy. Well, ſaid *Guy*, ſince thou art ſo hard-hearted in that wherein I uſed thee ſo kindly, thou ſhalt underſtand that it doth but whet my anger the more againſt

thee, and ſo ſhorten thy life ſooner, I now diſdain to drink. Bold Tyrant, take a taſte of my good will, for now I begin my bloody bout, it is not that ſame Club will bear you out; with that he hit him on the head ſuch a powerful ſtroke, that brought him with a vengeance down; then *Guy* ſet foot upon the Monſters breaſt, and hewed off his head, and takes his keys, and enters the Caſtle, where a moſt woful ſpectacle he beheld, tender Ladies in dark Dungeons fed with the fleſh of their own husbands; them he releaſed, & ſet at liberty; unbinds many Knights and Gentlemen, who for many years had been kept in bondage by this bloody Tyrant; at length he came to an Iron gate, which he unlocks, where he found the old mans ſons, being fifteen in number, who look'd like the Picture of death; ſome of them he found hang'd up by the middle, ſome by the thumbs, ſome hang'd up by the heels, with their heads downward; theſe he took down with great care, and delivered them to the old man their father, who with great joy and thankfulneſs would have kiſt *Guy*'s feet: but *Guy* took him up in his arms, delivered the keys to him, made him Maſter of the Caſtle, and ſo departed. Many a weary ſtep travelled he ere he came to the holy land, whilſt his beloved wife ſpent her days in great ſorrow, often wiſhing her ſelf with him, to be partner with him in all his ſufferings. Many years continued he in the holy Land, inſomuch that all his friends thought him to be dead. At length deſiring to ſee his own native Countrey, where he intended to lay his bones, he took his journey homewards. No ſooner was he arrived on the Engliſh ſhore, but he found his Country in great diſtreſs, the King of *Denmark* with a mighty Army was landed, threatning to deſtroy all with fire and ſword; the King of *Denmark* had a mighty Gyant to his Champion, ſo terrible to behold, that the *Engliſh* were afraid

of

of his very looks, flinging his Gantlet down with ſuch pride and contempt, that worthy *Guy* could ill endure to hear ſaid, The Engliſh were a cowardly Nation, that never a man durſt anſwer him. *Guy* could contain himſelf no longer, but goes to the King, and tells him, that he will accept of the challenge, and deſired his Majeſty not to deſpair, for he would quickly make an end of *Colbron* that mighty Gyant. The King ſaid unto him, Honeſt Palmer go, and God bleſs thee in this mighty work thou haſt undertaken, & grant thee victory over thine enemy. *Amen*, quoth *Guy*, and ſo goes from *Winchester*'s North-gate, to *Hidemead*, where he found this Monſter of men, treading each ſtep two yards of ground. Art thou the man, quoth *Colbron*, on whom the King hath ventured *England*'s Crown, whereas all his Lords and Nobles I deſie, and ſcorn to fight with ſuch a ſlave as thee. Gyant, quoth *Guy*, manhood ſhould never rail, a Soldiers Weapon beſt can tell his mind. Thus I begin, and therefore look about thee, if thou be beaten the *Danes* will flout thee. Then began a ſharp & bloody fight between them, ſo that the people knew not what to think; at length *Colbron* through loſs of blood began to faint, and ſay to *Guy*, Yeild thee, brave *Engliſh man*, and fight no longer. Villain, quoth *Guy*, I ſcorn thy cowardly fear, the King hath ventured *England* on my head; with that he lent him ſuch a powerful blow, that brought the Gyant with a vengeance down. Great joy was there among the Engliſh.

But Guy paſſed away unknown to his Graves within a while after he felt ſick, and ſent his Ring to his Wife, the Counteſs of *Warwick*, by a poor Palmer, who came and cloſed up his dying eyes, her ſelf living but fifteen days after.

FINIS.

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